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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LII. CHICAGO, DECEMBER 31, 1903. NUMBER 18

A PRAYER.

Not more of light, I ask, O God,
But eyes to see what is;
Not sweeter songs, but power to hear
The present melodies.

Not greater strength, but how to use
The power that I possess;
Not more of love, but skill to turn
A frown into caress.

Not more of joy, but power to feel
Its kindling presence near;
To give to others all I have
Of courage and of cheer.

Not more of life, but insight clear
Into its mystery;
To comprehend as best I may
Our lofty destiny.

No other gifts, dear God, I ask,
But only sense to see
How best the precious gifts to use
Thou hast bestowed on me.

To teach the little children all,
How joyous is the world;
That, in the life we live on earth,
Heaven's glory is unfurled.

Give me all fears to dominate,
All holy joys to know;
To be the friend I wish to be,
To speak the truth I know.

To love the pure, to seek the good,
To lift, with all my might,
All souls to dwell in harmony
In freedom's perfect light.

FLORENCE HOLBROOK.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Notes 283
The Spirit of the Hour.—E. P. P. 285
The Church of Man to Come.—*Harold Johnson* 286
A Few Questions.—O. LEONARD 286

THE PULPIT—

The Old Year 1903. Annual Review.—JENKIN LLOYD JONES 287
A New Year's Song.—WILLIAM BRUNTON 290

THE STUDY TABLE—

Morley's Gladstone.—JOHN WHITE CHADWICK 292
The Gate Beautiful; the Philosophy of Beauty.—CLIFFORD LANIER 292

THE FIELD—

Finite Infinitude.—Wilson M. Tylor 294
The Open Shop.—J. W. CALDWELL 294
Foreign Notes.—M. E. H. 295

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UNITY

VOLUME LII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1903. NUMBER 18

And now it is the time to salute Thomas Wentworth Higginson "Colonel" in truth, for he is a knightly leader of the hosts of reform. Eighty years old, they say. Long live the venerable youth of Cambridge whose life vocation has been breaking bonds, defending the rights of the oppressed, leading onward the hosts of reform!

The *Literary Digest* thus characterizes the "New Thought Movement" in the religious world:

"A cult which practices mental healing, accepts part of the doctrine of spiritualism and embodies in its teachings many of the theosophical tenets, which has already a host of talented advocates throughout the country and issues a large number of journals."

Mr. Henry Wood, of Cambridge, is spoken of as "one of the veterans of the movement," and his latest book, "The New Thought Simplified," endeavors to present the fundamental teachings of the "New Thought" in language readily intelligible to beginners.

Our Chicago readers may well take note that Mr. N. O. Nelson, the successful manufacturer and founder of Leclaire, the industrial city near St. Louis, is to speak in All Souls Church next Sunday night (January 3) on "Six Days Shalt Thou Labor." Mr. Nelson stands conspicuous as an employer who has made common cause with his employes. Like Samuel Jones, the manufacturer-mayor of Toledo, he believes the Golden Rule is workable and that business is not business, but something unworthy the name, something crass and selfish, when it does not help in the advancement of the race and directly contribute to the elevation and refinement of all parties connected therewith—employer and employe.

The *Literary Digest* of December 26 reprints the larger portion of the editorial in UNITY of December 10, entitled "Ought Ministers to Tell the Whole Truth?" In answer to questions already received at this office, we beg leave to say that the little book entitled "Chart and Voyage, an Examination of the Alleged Reasons for Theological Reserve and the Dangers Incurred by It," by Thomas J. Hardy, is published in London, and the only copy that has reached this office was placed in the hands of the reviewer who wrote the article in question. Any orders for this book will be supplied, subject to the necessary delay involved in the importation. Both the subject and the book deal not with a passing but with a permanent problem, and the delay should not dampen the interest in the same.

From over the seas comes to us a neat little book the text of which is, unfortunately, sealed to us, but the portrait frontispiece of H. Tambs Lyche is a beautiful likeness of the brave and gentle Scandinavian who tarried with us a while, then went back to Norway with his American wife, to take up the apostolate of liberal religion, in which work untimely death stayed his hand. This little book contains fourteen essays of Mr. Lyche, edited by his wife, Mrs. Mary Tambs Lyche, with a biographical sketch of the lamented author and an introduction written by a college friend, Christian Collin, of Christiania. At Meadville and the different points east and west where Mr. and Mrs. Lyche labored there are many American readers who will be tenderly touched by this note. If any Norwegian scholar will volunteer to give to the readers of UNITY some account of the contents of this volume, we will be glad to send to him our copy of "Lysstreif Over Livsproblemer," published by Olaf Norlis Forlag, Kristiania.

What next are we to expect from the Hale family? No telling. The only thing we are sure of is that there is something to be expected. Genius does not run out in this family; even if the youthful chaplain of the United States Senate were some day to grow old, there are Ellen and Philip and Lillian, besides Edward Jr., and we cannot tell how many more who are coming along, all of whom are already exemplifying the paternal knack of versatility. Witness a whole book full of New England Historical Ballads by Edward Everett Hale "and his family," with a possible few additions by other people. It is a real book to the student of history. The eight-page introduction by the senior is very informing and the ballads are chronologically arranged. We have first a lyrical table of contents, for the very titles sing, and then the illustrations, presumably all from the pencils of the Hale family, are spirited and the whole is worthily done into book form by the publishers, Little, Brown & Co. It was a bold venture that one family started out upon twenty years ago, to write New England's history in ballads, but the Hale family ventured and the result is very interesting and encouraging to other families, if only their name be "Hale."

Fay Lewis is a citizen of Rockford, Ill., who has heard the wail of the unfortunate and has heeded the cry of the helpless. He has befriended the neglected dog, protected the overworked horse and sheltered the homeless child. He acquainted himself with the inside of the city jail, probably no worse, perhaps better than a hundred others in the state of Illinois, but it moved him to tell what he saw and to compel others to see the same thing. The result is a quaint little book, entitled "The City Jail; A Symposium." It is an attractive book to the eye, but it has a grewsome story to tell. Two of the local preachers, several members of the city bar, with collateral material drawn from the realms of literature, make up the pathetic appeal.

We are glad to extend the offer through UNITY made by Mr. Lewis. He will send to any judge, prosecutor or jailor of the land a copy free of charge on receipt of the necessary mailing postage of five cents. But even this I fear is too high a price to pay for it, for those who most need this book. It means the writing of a letter and the bother of a postage stamp. Perhaps some friend of the "judge, prosecutor or jailor" who needs this book will take the trouble for them. There are enough of this class in this country of ours to exhaust an edition of many thousands.

The cablegram that carried the news of the death of the Rev. Brooke Herford will touch with sadness thousands of American homes. Mr. Herford's ministry in America was divided between Chicago and Boston. Here he served the Church of the Messiah for six years, and for ten years he was the beloved pastor of the Arlington Street Church in Boston, the old Channing-Gannett church. In both places he led a cheerful propaganda in the interest of Unitarianism, which to him meant a very definite thing, and for which he predicted a denominational triumph. Doctor Herford was the stuff out of which a dogmatist might have been made, so clear and definite was his vision of truth. But the geniality of his nature counteracted this tendency. He was public spirited, he identified himself with the community in which he lived, and these qualities made him a man of and for and with the people of all times and classes. He lived through seventy-three years of mortal time, but he outlived his physical vitality so that the last years were years of pain and weakness, and the thought that he is now at rest will reconcile his many friends to their loss. He was a loyal comrade, a courteous foe, a tireless champion of what he deemed right. The world ever waits for more ministers after the pattern of Brooke Herford.

The following letter just received from our good friend of the blessed memories connected with the Parliament of Religions awakens Christmas chords in the heart. Our correspondent was the white-robed messenger of the Maha-Bodhi Society of Ceylon, to that great conclave. Since then he has donned the yellow robe of a Buddhist monk. He is now on his third visit to America. Travel has made him wise, and he has lived to see that the redemption of India is not through dogma or doctrine, however lofty, whether it wear the label of Buddhism or Christianity, but through the lowly beginnings of the scientific training of the children to the economies, prudences and bounties of the earth. We believe thoroughly in the integrity of Dharmapala, and we hope many of our readers will put themselves in communication with Miss Atkinson that they may know more of the undertaking.

My Dear UNITY:

The work begun in January last to elevate the neglected children in India is progressing. Your readers will be glad to hear that agricultural implements have been sent out to India to begin the first manual training school in Benares; a competent young Englishman trained in one of the Boston mechanics schools has been engaged, who will leave Boston on the 23d inst. for England en route to India. A young lady is awaiting my arrival to undertake the kindergarten work. For the first time in India a manual training school to teach boys and girls of the laboring class will be started. Improved methods of agriculture will be taught to the youth. We want every reader of Unity "to acquire merit" as the Lama in Kipling's "Kim" puts it, by sending a contribution, however small, either by money order, stamps or greenbacks to Miss Caroline Atkinson, Secretary Indo-American Society of Arts and Crafts, Heath Avenue, Brookline, Mass. We shall require yearly $2,000.

The Anagarika
Dharmapala.

Melville, 430 West 118th st., N. Y., 21st December.

The following extract from a private letter written by an earnest humanitarian raises the fundamental question concerning the inspirations of art, past and present, and the relation of the cathedral as a representative of the art of the past to the religious sentiments and the ethical consecrations of life. The letter came in response to a contention that the cathedral in its original conception and power was the product of democracy, the child of popular consecration. Our correspondent differs from us, on the historical interpretations of the past, but we are agreed with him in his interpretations of the present. The day has gone by when reminiscent art can adequately represent, still less inspire, the passion for human betterment which is the true test of religion today:

"About the cathedral: we can construe variously the motives and working methods that made the cathedrals. My inference is very strong that the motive was in some instances and to a slight extent reverential and religious; the altogether larger proportion pride and power. It is not a love of beauty that inspires the architect or owner now, but pride and profit. Occasionally a mediæval architect worked on the Milan statues and the Cologne windows for the love of it. The bulk of the labor, or all of it, I think, was done for so much, or rather so little, and nothing else. I arrive at this from what I read in the books and what I have seen of artists and workmen in my own life. I trot out as witnesses in behalf of my case all the great spiritual leaders. The prophets, Jesus, Buddha, Wesley, Tolstoy, not a one of them have shown the slightest interest in the cathedral idea or high art.

I went to the city Sunday to hear my distinguished friend and splendid comrade, a Methodist preacher, who has just finished a $200,000 building. They call it a church. It is as fine an example of Athenian architecture, and mediæval coloring and pagan people as could be gotten together out of twenty-five centuries. It is all right: I am not objecting, but as Wesleyans it was a huge joke. My friend the preacher is a humorist, yet he could not quite see the joke. In a long dinner and after dinner talk there was really nothing said about splendid architecture, nor the apostolic creed, which was printed on his program. It was all about a future universal religion, humanitarian, spiritual."

A study of sociology in a large way reveals the unquestionable fact that women are the divinely constituted conservatives of society. Domesticity involves conservatism. The evolution of clothing and the arts show that women and the priests are conservators of the past, even to the hindrance of the future, but it may not always be so. *Harper's Weekly* as quoted in a recent number of the *Literary Digest* says that "Amiel, who deplored handing spiritual interests over to the Eternal Womanly 'because it favored exaggeration, mysticism, sentimentalism,' did not know the American college-bred woman who bids fair to be omnipresent and omniscient, two attributes of the Eternal, and who is womanly withal." This article further sets forth that "higher criticism of the Bible is taught at Smith and Bryn Mawr as well as at Harvard and Johns Hopkins," while the *Literary Digest* reminds us that George Eliot and Mrs. Humphrey Ward were women

who were leaders of free thought. And the *Hibbert Journal*, London, is quoted as follows:

"How many women do you know who are religious," wrote Elizabeth Barrett Browning to a friend, referring to Harriet Beecher Stowe, "who are *religious*, and yet analyze point by point what they believe in? She [Harriet Beecher Stowe] lives in the midst of the traditional churches, and is full of reverence by nature; and yet if you knew how fearlessly that woman has torn up the old cerements and taken note of what is a dead letter within, yet preserved her faith in essential spiritual truth, you would feel more admiration for her than even for writing 'Uncle Tom.'" Coming back to our own day, we find Mrs. Margaret Deland, the novelist, arguing in favor of absolute individualism in religion and repudiating the authority of the religious teacher.

Perhaps when women are disenthralled from the tyranny of conventional theology and ritualistic formalism, they may help in the work of rehabilitating men with the habits of worship and the helpful routine of religious exercise, the support and the enjoyment of the instrumentalities of corporate religion and social religion.

The element of the Christmas exchange that has in it the most abiding charm is the Christmas card. It generally contains the maximum of personality. The variety both of sentiment and color in the published card gives wide play for individual taste, and when the card is specially prepared there is an added emphasis of the individual. A beautiful little Christmas anthology might be prepared from the cards that have reached our editorial table during the holiday week. For instance, from a friend in Iowa comes this beautiful prayer of Henry van Dyke:

"Let no shadow of forgetting come between me and friends far away; bless them in their Christmas mirth; and hedge me in with faithfulness, that I may not grow unworthy to meet them again."

A Christmas message that comes to us from a Boston friend contains a text from Emerson, Browning and the New Testament, with this unsigned gem, which we suspect is from the pen of Charles F. Dole:

"For one day of the year we venture to make trial of the beautiful rule. No one ever tried it and found it to fail. In the day when we use our religion, heaven is here. Is this true for a day only, and not true for all days and all men? Let us make a trial of it and see."

Another Boston card says:

"Christmas is a song of peace: Let us sing it.
Christmas is a star of hope: Let us follow it.
Christmas is a call of brotherhood: Let us work for it."

From All Souls Church, Lincoln, Neb., comes a Christmas greeting most unique in form and rich in material. Sixteen or more noble tributes in prose and verse, printed in colors. We would be glad to print every one of these selections, did space permit. It would make an illuminating page of UNITY.

Another card in dignified text has furnished us our frontispiece this week, and yet another comes to us from Rochester, bearing the "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" of a beloved and loving household:

"Well hast thou, Painter, guessed the little child,
Full of incipient divinity,
That lay on Mary's breast, or may have cast
Soft hazel glances, perched on Joseph's knee!
Encircled by a glory of bright hair,
Those small, sweet Jewish features seem to show
A sudden dream that raised the chubby hand,
And set the curved cheeks quietly aglow.

"It is the Baby-Christ that we behold,
Clad in the little robe that Mary wrought
With golden borders broidered on the white,
And every golden stitch a tender thought.
It is the child that watched the shavings fly,
Or followed Joseph through the quiet town;
The child that pattered through the little home,
Or hid his face within his mother's gown.

O little feet, rough was your path, though short!
O shining hair, thorns grew to press on thee!
O little dreamer, life was kind and hard—
First rosy childhood, then Gethsemane!
Kings reigned: the world forgets their victories.
But when shall hoary time forget thy grace,
O child, once brooded o'er by Mary's smile,
And laughing into Joseph's rugged face."

—CURTIS MAY.

The Spirit of the Hour.

It was our good fortune recently to hear a group of orthodox ministers discussing the hoped-for reunion of American Congregationalists. One of them saw no reason why this should not be done. He said, "I stand as firmly as ever for essential Calvinism; but in my church there are several Unitarians; and I do not propose to undertake to turn them out. Precisely how they got there I do not know; perhaps they have changed their minds on this subject. They are sincere workers for God and man; and are peculiarly exempt from the proselyting spirit." Another in reply said, "I am with you on that point. The fact is we don't discuss the old theology any longer in the pulpit; and why it should divide the pews I cannot see. Perhaps we have not come to the time when we can forever lay aside dividing issues, but there is no reason under the sun why a hearty Christian worker should be shut out from our fellowship, and prevented from doing good from the most advantageous standpoint. We need co-operation and union against the forces of evil. It is high time to stop wasting our moral force on issues that, if not dead, are at least not active." A third answered, "My church is in a town of fifteen hundred people; there are five Protestant churches, and one Catholic. I sincerely think that the Catholic priest is accomplishing more good, in the way of suppressing vice and controlling the people, than all the rest of us put together—and yet he has the least favorable element to work upon. Our five Protestant congregations would just about fill one church; and there are no reasons that are living and vital, why we should not be united. We ministers are all preaching very much the same doctrine; and the causes of divergence are passed away. The time has come, in my judgment, when the town church should be revived in the place of sectarian churches." There was a general agreement that the outlook for church fellowship and church unity is growing brighter; and that it is rapidly becoming our duty to let natural drift have its way.

The Rector of Trinity recently said that "Neither Episcopalianism or Presbyterianism ever saved a soul;" and he added that if any one church had the exclusive power of conveying grace through its sacraments, we would be sure that all souls, who desire the fullest measure of Christ's grace, would be found in that church and in no other. Canon Hanson recently published, in the *Contemporary Review*, his opinion that "Episcopacy in England should unite its moral forces with non-conformist churches;" that, in fact, it is high time to look for, and to labor for Protestant unity throughout Christendom. "There is no longer any vital difference between the conforming and the non-conforming." This proposition is meeting so large an endorsement in England as to include several of the higher clergy, including the Bishop of Durham; and with them are many of the church organs. A few only stubbornly resist the idea of union, while more fall back on the *non possumus* of Protestantism, "We are not yet ready."

There are two all controlling reasons for Christian unity—apart from the fact that Christianity itself is

a unit. The first of these is that authority has spent itself; it no longer counts as a factor in the pews. When the keys of Heaven were supposed to be in the hands of the clergy it was all essential that the people should flock at their shepherd's call; with unquestioning obedience. No Protestant communion remains based on the right of church authorities to dictate concerning matters of either doctrine or methods. Secondly, for a good while back the creeds have been repeated with neither comprehension nor submission. In fact, the statement of doctrine has descended very nearly to the level of dishonesty. Why should the people any longer go through the form of saying that they believe, what every one is allowed to affirm with just as much reservation as he pleases. If our theological professors are allowed too broad latitude of mental reservation, why shall not the clergy and the people have the same right? But is this the way, the truth, and the life?

There really is very little that any longer severs us. There is every good reason why neighbors should come as near together in religious affairs as they do in secular. Human co-operation is natural; it can be prevented only as the dead past is allowed power over the living present. Toleration is not any longer a question; what we have now to face is something larger and freer—nothing less than colaboration for the enlightenment and wellbeing of the community. This broadening is the spirit of the times—is the spirit of Jesus brought into the times. Humanity can enter into Heaven only through mutual helpfulness. The spirit of Christianity is love, not pride; it is the spirit of the Golden Rule, and of the Parables of Jesus. We have outgrown the old traditions, as we have outgrown the old visions; why not acknowledge the fact? The Editor of *The Independent* says: "It is nothing but insistence on mere questions of philosophy or ways of doing things, which are perfectly indifferent to the Kingdom of Heaven, which produce our schisms. There was a time when men thought that, if one did not hold a particular intellectual belief as to whether the Holy Spirit proceeded from the Father alone, he would without doubt perish everlastingly. We have all got over that cruel notion now. We have come to understand that religion has to do with the heart; and that its essence was correctly defined by our Lord, as love supreme to God, and equal love to men." We believe the spirit of fellowship cannot much longer be checked. It is getting to be as deep in the hearts of those who recently cast out free thinkers as it is in the souls of the followers of Channing and Parker. We cannot waste too little time with worship of the past. It is high noon in the field of our work. Let us Proclaim Peace on Earth; Good Will in the Family of God.

E. P. P.

West Lafayette, Ind., November 28, 1903.

DEAR UNITY: The enclosed by one of our working pupils seems to me worth printing. He is a Roumanian Jew; works well his four and a half hours a day polishing marble; studies assiduously five hours; reads good literature evenings; a charming fellow; translates and writes short pieces which get printed. These questions and answers are just as he thinks and feels. With good wishes,

N. O. NELSON.

Leclaire, Ill., December 5, 1903.

A FEW QUESTIONS.

While at my work a few questions came to my mind. What am I here for? What relation am I to the world? What relation am I to my fellow men? What must I expect from the world? Why do I live? What will become of me after this life is gone? Did nature have any special purpose when she gave me life?

These questions so pressed themselves upon my mind that at last I decided to answer them, or at least try to answer them.

What am I here for?

I am here to do my share of work. I am here to make the world better. I am here to help and aid the world in her efforts toward perfection. I am here to contribute to the development of the world. I am here to think as well as to act. I am here to be myself. To live one day at a time. One life at a time.

What relation am I to the world?

The same relation the world is to me. To give all to her, as she gives all to me. To give her my muscle power. To dedicate to her the power of my brain. To look on her with love and hope. To try to do as much good as I receive, even more if possible.

What relation am I to my fellow men?

The relation which we all ought to bear toward each other—the relation of love. The relation of friendship. I would not say brotherhood. Friendship is higher than brotherhood. The relation of giving what I deem good advice, helping hand and friendly smile.

What must I expect from the world?

I must expect a place to live and bread to eat. I must expect a right to develop all my faculties, my personality. I expect to see nice flowers, a blue sky, a beautiful moon. I expect the rays of the sun to delight me, and give me life. I expect to meet happy and smiling faces all around me. I expect to enjoy a place in the world's work. I expect the world to allow me to be myself.

Why do I live?

Because I was brought into life. Because life is sweet and good. Because there is enough delight in life. I live because my life is necessary to the world. It is indispensable. I live because I can help others. I live because there are people in this world whom I make happy through my life.

What will become of me after this life is gone?

Grass to cover the meadow. Flowers to cover the field and garden, to give beauty for the eye. "Forget-me-nots" to serve as tokens of love and devotion. Trees to shade the weary traveler, and delight the lovers. Grains of dust to dance and play in the golden sun rays. Sunshine to warm the happy mother. Toys for the child. Rain to moisten the corn field. Light to enable the sage in the search of the mysteries of the world.

Did nature have any special purpose when she gave me life?

This I know not. This is where my ignorance begins. I may as well ask whether nature had any purpose in erecting the sun or the moon. Does it matter whether she had a purpose or not? It does not. We make use of the sun and moon anyhow. Whether she had a purpose or not, we use them to one purpose or another. It is the same with me. Whether she had any purpose or not, I am here. And I have one or more purposes. My purposes are: To accomplish good works. To spread good thoughts. To live as I think best. To learn as well as to teach. To add to the happiness of all. To do my work as I go along. To leave a trail of my present form of existence.

Leclaire School, November, 1903.

O. LEONARD.

The Church of Man to Come.

Bring beams of oak and boulderstone
  And build the Church of Man to Come;
Bring comrade-hearts and comrade-hands,
  Bring joy and martyrdom.

There man shall move the heart of man,
  And hands shall be stretched forth to bless;
There brother-love to brother-man
  Shall emblem holiness.

There faith in all-enfolding love
  Shall be the creed of man made strong,
And hope and love and joy shall be
  His sounding battle song.

Amid the silence and the vast
  With terrors and with splendors dumb;
Awed, yet undaunted, she shall rise,
  The Church of Man to Come. —*Harold Johnson.*

THE PULPIT.

The Old Year, 1903. Annual Review.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, DECEMBER 27, 1903.

In looking over the year that is gone and trying to make my annual estimate, a hasty balance sheet of the year, I shall ask you to think with me of our losses through Death, of our gain through Books, of the Events that ought to have contributed to our wisdom, and of some of the things we have been thinking about on physical, sociological and spiritual lines, and, finally, of some of the unsolved problems which 1903 bequeaths to 1904, the bequest of one year becoming the respsponsibilities of the next.

Charles Godfrey Leland, our own and only "Hans Breitmann"; Paul Blouet, the "Max O'Rell" of literature, and James MacNeill Whistler, form a trio of artists who loved the grotesque. They were humorists with an earnest purpose, who were disposed to harness laughter to the car of reform, to make humor a serious business.

Mr. Leland was the father of German dialect in English poetry, and his "Hans" was a scholar who jumbled his German, French, Latin and English idioms in the interest of freedom and the land of his adoption. He was a serious student of races, an authority on Gypsies, and one of the earliest advocates and interpreters of manual training.

Max O'Rell was a Franco-Anglican. Wounds received in the Franco-Prussian war drove him from the army to become an enemy of war, a friend of peace. He entered into Victor Hugo's dream of an "United States of Europe," and did much to make France, England and America ashamed of their provincialism. He made their pride of nation ridiculous.

Early in the year Canon Farrar died. He was a broad churchman. A quarter of a century ago he was an aggressive Universalist in an Episcopalian pulpit.

Later in the year the Archbishop of Canterbury died, the seventh Primate in the century, of whom probably not one left a name recognizable even by an intelligent student, outside of the traditions of the English church.

Rabbi Gottheil, of New York, who died last April, was a Jew beloved of the Gentiles, a nineteenth-century Jew, a man who was loyal to the spiritual traditions of his race, by being a cosmopolitan. He was a citizen of the world before he was a Jew, and because he was a Jew.

Pope Leo XIII., who died in the ninety-third year of his age, was indeed one of the good Popes, and left the world better and the Catholic church freer for his splendid pontificate.

Charles Carroll Bonney, of Chicago, was a layman, but he deserves to be named among the clergymen who passed away during the year, for he was not only a student of sacred things, but he brought to the service of religion his skill as a jurist and the practical wit of a man of the world. As the organizing head of that vast exhibit of the non-tangible commodities of the world represented by the congresses and the parliaments of the Columbian Exposition, he rendered a service to civilization unique and so prophetic that its value is still underestimated; the record of it is still largely unwritten. The records collected by the methodic hand of Mr. Bonney are still unpublished, but I believe still intact, and it is a reproach to the city of Chicago and to the national government that as yet nothing has been done towards preserving these documents and putting them into such form as to make them available material for the hand of the coming historian, a significant standard of measurement of nineteenth-century civilization. They ought to be regarded as so many stakes set along the advance line to show how far humanity had gone in 1893.

In the world of scholarship, Professor Mommsen, of Germany, Mr. Leckey and Herbert Spencer, of England, have left vacancies which may be filled not by the generations but by the centuries. These three men helped reconstruct the thinking of the world on profound subjects, each in his own way, and it is small business for those who stand by their open graves to be busy in showing the defects of their work, with instruments which these same immortals forged and placed in their hands.

In the death of Major Pond we note the passing of the American lyceum at its maximum. There are still lecture industries and amusement bureaus who try to make money out of the community's love of fun or its willingness to be entertained, or even informed, but the days when Emerson, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher and other giants made of the lyceum platform a secular pulpit that compelled the indifferent to take heed seem to have gone by. Major Pond was in his day the great purveyor of mind stuff, the advance agent of genius.

William Ernest Henley in England, and Richard Henry Stoddard, are the dead poets of the year. There is nothing more unique, pathetic, and I am tempted to say nothing more beautiful, than the realistic verses which Henley beat out of the grim experiences of a hospital.

Richard Henry Stoddard was perhaps little known by the young men and women of today, but he was a wise man, a true citizen as well as a high poet. His poem to Lincoln perhaps stands next to Tom Taylor's in its literary power in the Lincoln Anthology so significantly extensive, Stedman calls it a "majestic monody." Nothing finer has been said of Lincoln than this:

> "A laboring man, with horny hands,
> Who swung the axe, who tilled his lands,
> Who shrank from nothing new,
> But did as poor men do.
>
> One of the People! Born to be
> Their curious epitome;
> To share, yet rise above
> Their shifting hate and love."

In these last days of the year the word comes under the sea that genial Brooke Herford, whom Chicago learned to love and appreciate too late, is at rest. As Unitarian minister in Chicago and Boston he proved himself a worthy messenger of the larger hope. He was one of the long line of ministers who left a great need behind him in Chicago, not because he was not willing to work or because he was unequal to the task, but because Chicago was apathetic to his message and his value. After his final decision was made gold watches and testimonials began to pour in with expressions of heartfelt regret at his going. He said to a friend, "Why didn't they let me know how much they cared for me before? I didn't want to go."

Lastly, on the death roll of 1903, may I mention the name of our own Henry Demarest Lloyd, one of the messengers of light whom Chicago entertained unawares. Chicago knew not his spirit until he went hence; it knows not his wisdom yet. We now begin to appreciate the largeness of heart that put the white hand of a scholar into the horny hand of toil; but it will take another quarter of a century or more before Chicago awakens to the wisdom of Henry D. Lloyd. I believe it will yet appear that he clearly surveyed the lines and in many cases definitely stated the methods upon which future legislation will come to solve vexed and pressing problems in the realm of organized capital and organized labor.

In the world of books I see nothing startling to announce, although the last number of *Collier's Weekly* estimates the year's output at 200,000 volumes. The extent of the book crop is arranged by this authority in the following order: Germany, Japan, Russia, France, Italy, the United States, and England. It may be a shock to our Yankee pride to find that we come sixth in this list of seven book-making nations, and that even the far-off Pagan, cherry-blossom kingdom in the islands of the Pacific comes second in the line in which we make the sixth. England leads us in novels and works of the imagination; Germany outstrips us in educational and theological work; France leads in history, and Italy in works of religion. And still the editorial referred to is undoubtedly right when it says that "the United States is the land of readers, though not of thinkers." In the United States we neglect the book for the magazine and the newspaper. So much the greater is our danger of being swamped in the turbid tide of printers' ink, upon the bosom of which only skilled and wise mariners can successfully sail.

Morley's three-volume Life of Gladstone, Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter," and Kipling's new volume of poetry, "The Five Nations," represent the three books of the year most eminent in their departments. The first is the adequate interpretation of a great man by a great biographer. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's story has sustained the reputation of the author, if the figures of the book-sellers and the librarians prove anything; but it is the one book of this masterful writer which did not compel a sermon from this pulpit. It is a novel of and for society; and the one lesson which the book teaches to me, and which might profitably have been put into a sermon, is that neither money, culture, nor the jewelry, upholstery, silks and broadcloths that belong to elegant society, are guarantees of spiritual serenity, clearness of conscience, or social magnanimity; and further, that jealousy, petulance, deceit and gossip are as unlovely in a palace as they are in a cottage, and that flirtations, rivalries and pretensions are as despicable at the "functions" of the rich as they are at the "parties" of the poor. Mrs. Ward's book is instructive as a Society Novel. Perhaps the unattractive revealment was worth while if only it prove a warning to the boys and girls, the young men and young women of America as well as of Europe in danger of being swayed by the attractions which mentally they despise and of becoming slaves to the habits and ambitions which they themselves resent and disclaim.

Of Kipling's book I have only this to say: It is a poor year for poetry if this is the best. But it is such as might be expected. It is heart-breaking to see how Kipling's high gifts fall short of noble uses, all for want of wider sympathies and a nobler ethical culture. His skill is great, but his vision is thwarted by the opportunism, the militarism, the strenuousness that are represented by the bayonet and the bullet. I have read his book with mingled pain and pleasure. One could have laughed if there were not so much to cry over.

But I must not be ungrateful. There are other books on my shelf which have been both a joy and a strength to me.

James Whitcomb Riley's "His Pa's Romance" is welcome to my shelf. The simplicity and sweetness of his ballads bespeak a cultivated as well as a sensitive heart. Anyone who does not enjoy Whitcomb Riley is to be pitied.

From over the sea comes a little volume entitled "The Road Makers and Other Poems," by Harrold Johnson, which represents the gropings of a sensitive soul towards reality. It is one of many preludes to the strong poetry that is on the way and is sure to come.

While we have been reading editorials and listening to sermons on the "passing of Transcendentalism," George Willis Cooke has compiled for us an anthology from the Poets of Transcendentalism. This volume may well find a place on the home-tables of serious people, if for no other reason than to prove that the transcendentalism which is "passing" is only giving way in order that the transcendentalism of Emerison, Alcott, Thoreau,, and the lesser but real singers in this book may abide and come to us again in greater power than ever before. In the language of one of its own poets, Transcendentalism can well sing:

"If my bark sink, 'tis to another's sea."

There are many signs that the Poe revival which has been promised for some time is on the way. Witness two attractive volumes containing, respectively, "The Best Poems" and "The Best Tales" of Edgar Allen Poe, published by our own McClurg House in Chicago.

An attractive life of Whittier has been added to the American Men of Letters series, and Chesterton's "Robert Browning," in the English Men of Letters series, is a book to have and to read.

Woodbury's "America in Literature" is a valuable contribution, particularly to those who think that Boston and New England monopolize the field of American literature. The chapters on the literature of the South and West are suggestive.

Twenty-five or more years ago, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony promised to deny themselves all other engagements for four months and devote themselves to the writing of a history of the woman suffrage movement. In 1883 the first volume was published. The fourth volume has only this year been made available to the general public. And now the completed work in four monumental volumes of more than 4,000 pages, challenges the admiration of those who have a true sense of the meaning of the words "consecration," "application," "devotion." One helper after another fell out by the way, but Susan B. Anthony stood by and still lives, to rejoice not only in the completion of the great literary task, but in the rounding out of events which have called for this amplitude of history.

Edwin D. Mead's "The Influence of Emerson" and Augustine Birrell's appreciation, from over the water, represent two valuable outcomes of the Emerson centennial.

Samuel Crothers' "Gentle Reader" and Dr. Du Bois' "The Souls of Black Folk," are two books that may well represent the transition from the realm of poetry to the realm of ethics and religion. Crothers has been aptly characterized as a Charles Lamb in the pulpit. Crothers' book proves that the pulpit once in a while produces a humorist without sacrificing the preacher, and Du Bois' book is unquestionably the one book of the year which no American voter can afford to allow to go unread. In it poetry, fiction and gospel are all brought to bear upon the question that will not be solved except by justice, and they who persist in calling it an "unsolved question" are those who are simply unwilling and unprepared to apply the plain standards of justice and religion to the solution of the same.

In the realm of biography, Paul R. Frothingham's centennial address on William Ellery Channing is a worthy supplement to the splendid Life of Channing, by John W. Chadwick. At least two new books on Lincoln go to prove the perennial inspiration of the theme. Curtis's "The True Abraham Lincoln" and the "Letters and Addresses of Abraham Lincoln" are

books to buy, according to the rule I have frequently laid down—buy everything that pertains to Lincoln, and read everything you buy.

In the realm of religion, F. G. Peabody's "Religion of an Educated Man," David Starr Jordan's "The Call of the Twentieth Century," an address delivered in All Souls Church last March, Bishop Spalding's "Glimpses of Truth," Dr. James M. Whiton's "Miracles and Supernatural Religion," "The Beauty of Wisdom," a remarkably stately and dignified volume of daily readings compiled by Rev. James de Normandie, a Unitarian minister of Boston, are all books to be coveted and to be enjoyed when obtained.

The centennial of Horace Bushnell has brought a new volume of sermons and selections entitled "The Spirit in Man," with a valuable bibliography at the close, compiled by Henry Barrett Learned, the son of John C. Learned of blessed memory. The over-anxious and somewhat timid representatives of the "new orthodoxy" of these days will do well to consult this volume and realize how, twenty-five and more years ago, this man spoke openly and heroically (and suffered the consequences of his frankness) the message they now all too timidly exploit and too sparingly promulgate.

The series of "Peace Books" published for the international union begun last year has been nobly continued by a compilation of Channing's discourses on War, with a clarifying introduction by Edwin D. Mead. It is indeed a tract for our times. Lyman Abbott has written what ought to be a definitive life of Henry Ward Beecher. No other man was by opportunity so well fitted to write of Henry Ward Beecher, and if it fails of being an adequate life it is because of temperamental limitations. The one most characteristic element of Henry Ward Beecher was that of immediateness. He was an impromptu man. He testified as he felt and saw. He knew no interval between feeling and expression, he was pre-eminently an uncalculatory soul. As a result, he was often contradictory, irregular, and, to some minds, incoherent. Whether his biographer, who to a large degree seems to have the caution, reserve and religious opportunism which was so wanting in Beecher, can adequately interpret the great Plymouth preacher is a matter for time to determine.

From England comes one of the latest, and consequently one of the wisest words on the Bible,—eight lectures by J. Estlin Carpenter, on "The Bible of the Nineteenth Century." Mr. Carpenter represents the ripe scholarship, the spiritual insight, and the Unitarian freedom necessary to make a book on this subject timely and valuable.

Judged by the sensation created, perhaps the most important contribution of the year to theology is the two lectures entitled "Babel and Bible," delivered by Prof. Freidrich Delitzsch before the Oriental Society of Berlin this year. The popularity of these lectures springs not so much from the originality of the matter as from the fact that his Majesty, Emperor William, took a hand in the discussion. The Emperor listened to the lectures and was solicitous lest the revelation that the Assyrian Hammurabi had anticipated much of the so-called Mosaic code might break down the religious faith of the German people. But it is to the credit of scholarship and of the spirit of the age, in Germany as in America, that the interest in Assyrian researches and the readiness to believe in Hammurabi goes right on, notwithstanding the anxieties of an Emperor.

I have reserved to the last the mention of Carroll D. Wright's "Some Ethical Phases of the Labor Question" and Joseph R. Buchanan's "The Story of a Labor Agitator." It is significant that the one book bears the imprint of the "American Unitarian Association" and the other of "The Outlook Company," both houses committed to religious interest and religious studies, and still the two books deal with hot economic subjects.

The first book, by the Commissioner of Labor, will command academic respect and challenge study. The second tingles with the fervor and the heroism of the reformer and the prophet. Mr. Buchanan is an Abolitionist of the new times. His story reminds one of the days of underground railways, of marchings and of raidings of bad eggs and brave banners. It proves that the labor question and the economic problems connected therewith is related to human life. The work is full of red blood. It is a thing of tears, of hopes and fears, of sobs and kisses,—more than a thing of figures, of percentages, dividends and averages, and any appeal to "business" any attempt to restrict the discussion to the limitations of commercial needs or prosperities must fail. Both these books go to prove that the industrial problems of the year and of the age are allied to the religious problems.

Before closing this glance at the books of the year, may I personally confess the pleasure I have received from the old books during the year gone? It was a memorable summer that gave me the privilege of reading once more, deliberately and consecutively, every line of poetry that is published of Ralph Waldo Emerson's, and that carried me a little nearer to the heart of Ruskin by the closer study of his "Unto This Last." It has been a real joy to find that there is yet pleasure for me in Charles Dickens.

And still I regret that as yet I have had no time to read Prof. Charles Smith's "Barbazon Days," a study of the pathos in the life of Jean Francois Millet; James Lane Allen's "Mettle of the Pastures"; Quiller-Couch's "Hettie Wesley," a story of the Wesley family; and "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London, the dog story that everybody is reading, and "Rebecca," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. These I may read yet. But I must read, life permitting, the grim story of Oom Paul's life, written by himself, of which the first and last words, according to the reviewer, are "Homeless," "Homeless." And I must read Morley's Life of Gladstone.

What of the events of the year? The discovery of radium by Professor and Madame Curie, another hint of the measureless possibilities of nature; the sending of a message around the world under the western seas, a new outdoing of Shakespeare's Puck, who proposed to put a girdle around the earth in forty minutes; the horrible Kischeneff outrage to the Jews, depressing event which was only outdone by the more depressing diplomatic complacency or cowardice of the would-be civilized world, three million armed men, untold billions worth of battleships, and still not a bayonet fixed or a cannon pointed, not an official protest from any corner of civilization; I detest battles and battleships, but what are they for, if not for such a time and in such a cause as this? A fire in the Vatican burning priceless manuscripts; Carnegie giving $1,500,000 for the erection of a Temple of Peace at The Hague, a headquarters for the Court of Arbitration; another $600,000 for the endowment of Tuskegee Institute at Alabama; John D. Rockefeller giving $7,000,000 to be used in search of a remedy for the great white plague, new zeal in drilling for oil underneath the ocean's waves; the revolution of Panama and the unseemly haste in the recognition of the same by this canal-hungey nation of ours; the spoilation of cities by its own officials, conspicuously that of Minneapolis and St. Louis; the violence of strikes and the lawlessness of youths, these are some of the events of the year which invite a sober second thought, and whose enumeration is sermonic.

The recounting of these events leads to my next topic,—the year's thinking. On physical lines, science has been setting itself seriously to the task of suppressing the mosquito, of navigating the air, of climbing Mount Everest, the highest peak of the Himalayas, 29,000 feet high, a task involving an estimated million and a half of money and four years of time. The scientists of Europe have been figuring out the approach of the wood famine of the world. France is today importing $2,000,000 worth of timber each year; Germany $70,000,000; England $100,000,000 dollars worth. Austria, Norway, Sweden and Russia alone of the European world have a surplus. Science more than religion has been pleading for the little pine tree, the holly, and the ground pine in these Christmas days. Man's greed and recklessness threaten in many ways to outrun the resources of nature and to make barren this fertile ball. Typhoid epidemics at Ithaca and other centers of learning, and the football frenzy among academicians and academic centers, represent some of the scientific problems of the year.

On sociological and ethical lines, we find 1903 a sad, thoughtful year, at least to the English-speaking people.—England humiliated by the awful revelations that comes to her through the study of her own war records, and the government of the United States trying to persuade itself that General Miles' report of cruelties in the Philippines ought not to be published; both nations haunted by the cries of widows and orphans, trying to shut their eyes to the bleaching bones of heroes who fell before their guns fighting for the right of self-government have heard the still small voice asking, Where is the glory and where is the profit of it all?

Attention has been called this year in America to the neglected condition of Lincoln's birthplace, still subject to the tax-speculator, liable to be sold for delinquent taxes. Englishmen have been discussing the dangers of free libraries, the overreading of cheap material; South Carolina, Oregon, Pennsylvania, New York, and Alabama have been discussing child-labor laws; the fact that there was rejoicing over the South Carolina law providing that no child under ten years of age should work in a cotton mill, is of itself a sad commentary.

It is well at the close of the year to remember the humiliations of the barbarous celebrations of our Fourth of July and the mad commercialism and reckless rush of our Christmas shopping.

When Joubert, the great Boer, was first told of the rich discovery of gold in the Transvaal, he said to the gleeful messenger, "You had better weep, for this gold of our country will be soaked in blood."

Something like that has come into the thinking of the wise this year as we begin to take account of our boasted prosperity and ask ourselves seriously where we are and whither are we tending.

Lastly, let us devote a minute to a glance at the religious life and problems of the year gone. Here again an enumeration of the items is all I can do, and that in itself offers the material from which you can preach your own sermon.

The success of the Methodists in raising their twenty-million-dollar twentieth-century missionary fund; the bout between Mark Twain and Mrs. Eddy; Dowie's fiasco in New York; John Wesley's bicentennial; the Emerson, Channing and Bushnell centennial; the great religious education convention in Chicago, the proceedings of which make a solid volume of nearly four hundred pages, a notable contribution to current religious literature;—all these and many other signs of religious activity must not blind our eyes to the fact that there have been many evidences of the decadence of the preacher's power; of the starvation of the country churches; of the absence of stalwart conviction in pulpit and in pew. Dr. Elmer H. Bradford, Moderator of the National Council of Congregationalists, said in the early part of the year in an official address that "the churches of America are marking time and not marching on." Professor Hyde, President of Bowdoin College, has this year made a systematic attempt to find the creed of one college class, and found it far shorter and simpler than the current creed of the churches and often at variance with them.

Over against this depressing exhibit we may note the fact that a bill was introduced before congress this year for the establishment of a laboratory at Washington for the study of man; Professor Kropotkin has offered a book with the significant title of "Mutual Aid as a Factor in Evolution"; Professor King, President of Oberlin College, has been dwelling on the social consciousness as a last link in evolution; Rhys Davids in London, the greatest living authority in the oriental field, has been predicting a revival of Buddhism in the East, and Esperanto, the latest system of an universal language, has gained the support of a monthly journal in Paris, the backing of the *Review of Reviews* of England, and a text-book publishing house in New York, and the endorsement of Tolstoi and Max Mueller. These events, with such visitation as the "Mosely Educational Commission" from England to America, all point to the fact that the discontent and the apathy towards existing institutions, are in consequence of the inadequacy of their demand, not on account of the fullness; their want of spirituality, not their excess of it.

The year closes with tremendous problems pressing upon us, among which may be mentioned as fundamental those relating to the conflict between capital and labor. The solution will not come from the supremacy of the one over the other, but from the merging of the one interest into the other; other serious problems are, how to rehabilitate the church, to give back to ministers as much of the old-time confidence and respect as they deserve, that and no more; how to withdraw from such as do not deserve it the pharisaical obeisance and the heartless support, the conventional assent which carries with it neither the love of the heart nor the conviction of the head.

Nineteen hundred and four receives from 1903 the unrealized dream of democracy which is, in the phrase of Edward Carpenter, "nothing less than the soul's slow disentanglements."

"With pain and suffering-driven by whatever instinct who can tell?
Out of the great jungle of custom and supposed necessity, into a new and wonderful life, to new and wonderful knowledge,
Surpassing words, surpassing all past experience—the Man, the meaning of it all,
Uprears himself again."

THE STUDY TABLE.

Morley's Gladstone.*

Here is a book whose exterior semblance does not belie its soul's immensity. It is a great book in every sense of the word. There are 1976 pages, the extracted matter in smaller type than Mr. Morley's own. His task has been of a stupendous character. For nearly five years it has withdrawn him from those activities of public life to which he must now return with clearer vision and more determined will for every day of the long vigil he has kept. It has been necessary for him to examine between two and three hun-

*The Life of William Ewart Gladstone. By John Morley. In three volumes, viii, 661, 666, 641. Cloth, Royal Octavo. The Macmillan Co. $10.50 net.

dred thousand written papers, and the examination of printed matter must have been a business of nearly or quite equal scope. Then there has been the writing of the book.

"As ever in his great taskmaster's eye"

but with the multitude of smaller folk who co-operated with him or opposed him with such force and nature as —his taskmaster an ideal of justice and sobriety, of sincere dealing not only with his towering central figure, they had. But we have nowhere a sense of timid caution in the steering of his different course. Rather a large and noble freedom is the dominant note, as if the man could easily trust himself to his love of truth and to his generous disposition. The queen enjoined him that he should not handle his subject "in the narrow way of party." The injunction was unnecessary, but, on the other hand, he says, "I should be heartily sorry if there were no signs of partiality and no signs of prepossession. . . . Indifferent neutrality in a book produced, as this is, in the spirit of loyal and affectionate remembrance, would be distasteful, discordant, and impossible." One critic writes of being hurried through the book on the stream of its accelerating interest. But I have found it inviting to a large and leisurely enjoyment, so that, beginning it on Oct. 15, I did not finish it until Nov. 21, adapting my pace for the most part to that of the narrative; going very slowly where that dragged its slow length along, as during the break-up of the Peelites, when Gladstone had little choice between the Trojans and the Tyrians; going with a rush in such chapters as those on his great electoral triumphs and administrative victories.

I do not know where to look for another political biography of equal power and splendor. Hay and Nicolay had as great a subject, though a much simpler one, in Abraham Lincoln, but they brought to it less than a moiety of Mr. Morley's sound appreciation, effectiveness of understatement, excellence of formal presentation. Indeed, the book is doubly wonderful. It is the life of England's greatest later statesman exhibited by a biographer supremely qualified for his work. His book is a great work of literary art down to its last detail. The arrangement of the matter is not cumulative; it could not well be that. It has a certain rhythm. From the stress and strain of great events we rest ourselves with views of what was homelier and quieter in the great statesman's life. Nor can I deny myself the satisfaction of speaking of a matter of minor importance—the mottoes prefixed to the various chapters. The felicity of these is something marvelous. Oftenest from Gladstone's own lips, they take a wide range. And I am sure I speak for many when I applaud the graciousness of Mr. Morley in translating all the Greek mottoes and some others.

The critic to whom I have once referred already says that in reading these volumes we are scarcely conscious of Mr. Morley's presence. "We seem to be simply looking at the facts as they are, without the intervention of another mind." His may be a better way than mine; certainly it is very different. I have been singularly conscious of Mr. Morley all the way along; I have been constantly aware that I was reading the life of a very great man by a very great biographer. I have taken immense delight in the manner of the writing; its perfect clarity; the splendor of particular expressions; the entire sincerity—the style always kindling from the interior heat of the subject matter; at critical moments, especially at the ruin of Parnell, taking on a profoundly solemn beauty. Most of all, I am conscious of the writer in his difference from Gladstone's theological and ecclesiastical position, together with his remarkable appreciation of the religiousness of Gladstone's nature and the dominance of religious motives and inspirations in his life. What a tribute to Morley's transcendent fairness was Gladstone's choice of him for this work! And what ample justification does the book furnish of the wisdom of his choice! Nowhere do we have the tone of the advocate; always that of the impartial judge. There is no attempt to conceal mistakes or faults, but there is always the consciousness, in which we are readily involved, that Gladstone can easily afford to have every record spring to light. The impression is continually renewed of a nature essentially simple, obscured by a habit of intellectual refinement and an assumed necessity for appearing at all times consistent with himself. Mr. Morley never wonders that so many were irritated and disgusted with a trait for which his own dislike was, and remains, sufficiently pronounced.

There is one part of the book in which unconsciousness of Mr. Morley's presence must, it would seem, be quite impossible. It is that dealing with the period along the course of which he was the Irish Secretary of a Gladstone government, and with the subsequent anxieties of Irish administration. In affairs of which Mr. Morley saw so much and was a prominent part, his interest is something more than that of a sympathetic biographer. He is fighting for his own hand and his account of the meanness, the perversity, the blind and bitter partisanship of the enemies of Ireland's peace takes on a hue of personal conviction and engagement to which it does not elsewhere attain. The man must be colder than a statue who can read the chapter on the breach with Parnell without a bursting heart. It meant a breach of opinion between Gladstone and Morley. The latter felt that Ireland had better be united on Parnell than hopelessly divided. But Gladstone preferred division to union on Parnell.

In no respect does this biography so make unconsciousness of Mr. Morley's presence an impossibility, as in that of his appreciation of Gladstone's religious temper. I have been in the habit of assuming that Mr. Morley's religious sentiments are best reflected in his chapter on the religion of Voltaire, and especially in the sombre beauty of the passage which brings that chapter to a close. There the position of the writer is frankly positivist, agnostic. Reading between the lines of this biography, we are impelled to find him now what he was then. He deprecates any expectation on the part of his readers that they will find a detailed account of Gladstone's theological and ecclesiastical activities. But in no respect does the book impress me as more successful, and more admirably and beautifully so, than in its dealing with Gladstone's religious enthusiasm, the most conspicuous aspect of his life. Widely as Mr. Morley differs from his great friend in theological opinion and ecclesiastical observance, he is not dull to the significance of his religious life. He sees that this was a profound reality, that he was indeed what Lord Salisbury called him, "a great Christian," that his political and personal life were motived by the principles of Christianity as by him understood. Here is no least surprise. What we have is not a breadth and sympathy begotten of Mr. Morley's special circumstances as Gladstone's biographer, but a fresh illustration of traits which have not been absent from anything that he has written heretofore. A profound spirituality has uniformly characterized his thought, one proof of many that this is possible without dogma. On the other hand, that dogma does not exclude it, Mr. Gladstone is an impressive witness. Few aspects of the book are more interesting than those reflecting the changes that took place in Gladstone's conception of the right relations of the church and state, while his dogmatic conceptions remained unchanged. But these changes were gradual and without violence, though they converted him from belief in an ecclesiastical state to

belief in one essentially secular. Equally gradual were the changes that converted him from the rising hope of stern and unbending tories into the powerful and magnificent protagonist of free trade, and then into the more powerful and more magnificent protagonist of the people's rights.

I have written much more of Mr. Morley's book than of Mr. Gladstone's life. It seems to me only right to observe this proportion on one's first approach to a book of this kind. I should be glad, if I had space, to go on to an endeavor to summarize what is principal to the indications here of Gladstone's personality and work. I thought I knew Gladstone pretty well. I had read one elaborate earlier biography of him, besides Mr. McCarthy's brilliant story of his life, and many lesser things. I had followed his political course for twenty years with eager sympathy and admiration. I find that I did not begin to know how great he was. Here are a score of episodes, events, and situations with which I may not stay. I can only name a few: The splendid vigor of the man; his boundless industry; his accidental discovery of that financial genius which those concede to him who deny him larger gifts; his admirable scholarship and his marvelous skill in drawing at will on its resources; his splendid oratorical achievements, both in the House of Commons and before his constitutents; his passionate sympathy with the oppressed of Italy, Turkey, Ireland, Armenia; his noble friendships and his unalterable domestic peace—all these and many other aspects deserve attention, call for praise. There are dramatic moments of affecting interest, the most affecting that which brings him face to face with his cabinet and the House of Commons for the last time. His last official meeting with the Queen obliges us to feel that she was glad to escape at length from the domination of the master whom she could not love, but whom she must obey. The pinchbeck Disraeli was much more a man after her own heart.

All the great critical moments in the affairs of England and of Gladstone's policy are treated with elaborate carefulness. Here are Majuba, once more, and Egypt and the successive crises of Ireland's long-drawn agony, and our own civil war and the Alabama Claims. Many, reading of these things, will remain of the same opinion as before, but it must be that others will, as they read, find the scales falling from their eyes. The persistent calumny that Gladstone "extemporized convictions" with a view to capturing votes and power, must, after this, it would appear, be manifestly dead and damned. Franker confession of an error was never made than his touching our civil war.

It is interesting to notice that his last resignation of the premiership was dictated by his opposition to the extravagance of the naval estimates. He was eighty-five years old, but he would have kept on if keeping on had not meant acquiescence in lavish expenditure for the things that make for war. He was a rigorous economist and he hated war. Economy, peace and respect for international rights, especially those of weaker powers, he conceived to be the most prominent aspirations of his life. These are not aspirations that can "have their day and cease to be," if there are to be good-will and honor among men. And surely these things are written for our sakes as much as for our English friends. They affront our American temper, as it has lately shown itself, with a reproof as stern as that which they administer to the British Jingo. Is it only

"The tender grace of a day that is dead"

that lies warm and pleasant on this broad expanse of biographical characterization? Henceforth are we to steer by different and more lurid stars? Is the spirit of Chamberlain to cast out the spirit of Gladstone and reverse the process animated by his glorious life? It may be for a time. If so, this noble book will do something to delay the evil day, and soon or late, in the eternal cycle, it will be grandly instrumental among the beneficient and healing forces that will bring back the aspirations and ideals to which Gladstone gave the best he had of thought and heart and will.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

The Gate Beautiful; the Philosophy of Beauty.*

This notable herald of the Gospel of Beauty quotes from Balzac at the outset of his journey through the portal of Art;—"As soon as man desires to penetrate the secrets of Nature, where there is no real secret, all that is needed is *sight;* he can see that the marvelous is the outcome of the simple:"—and then our author prepares to make straight the paths of the Lord.

For the opening of the eyes of Scientists and Artists there would seem to be best some impartation such as Peter and John gave to the lame one at the Temple-door; the heart and mind must awake to the call of religious feeling. "Silver and gold," or materialism, may accomplish wonderful results, as in this age of strenuous things they are doing; yet the true miraculous impulse needed for art and science is a touch of those who have walked and talked with *him* whose heart is full of divine Love.

This author says that natural Principles of immortal Beauty are "vital to the experience of God himself, and visibly insistent upon every side of his activity;" therefore they cheer, sustain, and console humanity. These principles are universal and applicable to all, high and humble. "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades?" Nor can selfishness avail to oppose the controlling Heavenly tendencies, which in Art and in the disclosures of the Divine mind through Nature make for the good of all creatures. This thought is a key perhaps to this supremely important work on American Art-Education and its vital elements of successful culture. God hath promised to pour out of his Spirit, and young and old shall see visions and dream dreams.

"There is a principle of Balance or rhythmic equipoise at the heart-pulsations of Nature." Emerson sings of this in "Wood-notes":

> "Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
> Nor dip thy paddle in the lake,
> But it carves the bow of Beauty there,
> And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake."

Christ suffused everything he touched with an ethical or spiritual tinge; it needs that all our thinking and feeling now should take unto itself such an element.

It is not relevant to note that Jesus seemed to put on one side those things in which the aesthetic nature finds pleasure, such as arts of form. We know not all of his sayings: and such things as pictures merely did not enter into the life of his time. The Hebrews were not artistic in plastic and pictorial art; but surely the poetic art received his approval, in that he quoted from the Treasury of Israelitish poetry, the Psalms, and in that he steeped his life of every day in the deepest poesy.

Professor Stimson says: "Divine light is ever ready to enter from God, Heaven and Nature. God is the *Creative spirit,*—everywhere in space; Heaven is the *Appreciative spirit,* everywhere in soul; Nature is the *Constructive spirit,*—everywhere recording and revealing the first, and appealing to the second." Goethe says somewhere: "If thou wouldst press into the infinite, go out into all parts of the finite." It is a kindred expression, "Truth shall spring out of the earth;" and in this volume Prof. Stimson seeks to show how Love and Beauty also may be found everywhere. And can

*John Ward Stimson.

the Artist find perfect Beauty unless he himself be somehow Love-intoxicated?

It is not dealing in hyperbole nor is it vague as apocalyptic visions of the symbolic, to recognize that Law and Love and Beauty flow from the source of Being. Max Müller, the philologist, exclaims: "There is a Beyond, and he who has once caught a glimpse of it is like a man who has once gazed at the sun; wherever he looks he sees its image. Speak to him of finite things and he will tell you that the finite is impossible without the Infinite; speak to him of death and he will call it birth; speak to him of time and he will call it the shadow of eternity."

Prof. Stimson refers to the Creator as a Universal Unity; then a Dualty, "active in delicate equilibrium and balance, which by static and dynamic force gives rise and fall, repose and action, center and orbit, individuality and generality to all that is." Then, as a strange "Tri-unity, through attributes of Law, Love and Grace; Truth, Goodness and Beauty (their emanations); Science, Religion and Art (their cultures); Wise judgment, Good will, Refined taste (their daily practical virtues). * * * * * * *

"In brief, and with perhaps bolder grasp, we should claim that abstract and absolute Beauty extends her mighty wing over every department of creative plan or constructive life (divine or human) in proportion as immortal and celestial principles retain their sway. And the sincerest physicist will find beauty as truly in the perfect adjustments and workings of physical forces as the moralist will in the perfect character, or the musician and painter will in the nightingale, lily, or rose."

He quotes Browning's *Saul:*

"I but open my eyes, and perfection, no more and no less
In the kind I imagined, full fronts me; and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, in the clod."

Art translates this spirituality into terms intelligible to man, fixing it in forms of color, sound, words or stone. Sidney Lanier sings of

"Thee,
God, whom my roads all reach, howe'er they run,
My Father, Friend, Beloved, dear All-one."

He says: "The end of means is Art that works by love," and he speaks of the Music-Master Wagner:

"Thou, thou, if even to thyself unknown,
Hast power to say the time in terms of tone."

"On looking deeply into Beauty we shall find with amazement that the minutest gem, daintiest bird, or dazzling flower, alike with grandest oak, loveliest child, or boundless orbit of wandering star, derive the glory of their forms from inner ratios fixed in Geometric law.

"At the foundation of his knowledge man finds two mighty cornerstones on which to build the temple of intelligence and beauty. They are Mathematics and Geometry. Mathematics gives him the comprehension of infinite extension and infinite law infinitely extending through space. By geometry he discovers equal infinity and regularity in the relations of form and all form-reasoning; the latter becoming the universal language by which universal intelligence expresses its internal nature outwardly and visibly—a cosmic language that we noticed above must be common to the sidereal systems of space and to the gods themselves. . . . ."

"The Universe is composed of four great elements, *Spirit*, Space, Time, Matter, which by no alchemy can be transmuted into each other.

"Number is a pure creation of spirit, an impress of original thought and its constant suggestion in the forms and periods of Nature is a clear demonstration that Nature is the work of Intellect which controls space, time and thought.

"Number is more prominent in chemistry.
"Space is more prominent in mechanics.
"Time is more prominent in biology."

It has come now, in this Centenary year of Emerson, that one can speak of an immanent spirit without the reproach of attenuated Transcendentalism.

"O what are heroes, prophets, men,
But pipes thro which the breath of Pan doth blow
A momentary music?"

Here is an Art student speaking of the four elements, Matter, Time, Spirit, Space.

Emerson identifies the law of gravitation with purity of heart; there is a chemic law in the stone, a vital force in the plant which seems to correspond with joy in the hearts of men, with the light of the mind. He unifies even Fate and Freedom, which appear to most as opposites.

We have had a spiritualizing of Religion among some devout ones; here we have a spiritualizing of Art and Science in the fellowship of love and law, of Emotion and the quest for vital Truth. Oh, that this idea of the imminence of the spirit might take possession of the many!

This book would help those "who would live in the spirit."

"This Immanent Spirit of Divine Manhood above and within all planetary manhood is what Wilkinson calls 'the omnipotent human form of Christ, the real presence in every temple, burning with uncontrolled intensity in the thought of Man, in the records of inspiration under the religions of nature.'"

Again our author says:

"Some of the latest scientific truths most helpful and inspiring to the Artist-spirit (in every form of Art-expression) may be condensed from many search-lights and thus focussed: Spirit is infinite and present in everything; Mind and emotion are infinitely present in Spirit; ideals are infinitely constructive in mind; atoms are but etheric points (apparently) arrested for the measure and transmission of form concepts; beauty of form is the beauty of its inner ideals and of its organized ratios, its contents of design for purpose and expression. * * * * * * Man's highest joy and potence becomes the discovery of the methods and principles of this All-Active-Spirit."

With such reasoning atoms are spiritualized, whether from the view-point of Art, Science or Religion. The Universe is deemed to be a rythmic and harmonic equilibrium. The Deity is regarded as one of Great Force, whose activity is motion in rythm and harmony, expressing itself in many forms, in atoms and molecules dancing metrically, in morning stars which sing together, in laws of matter, mind, spirit, in murmuring of grass, in whispering of violets and in the singing of the souls of roses and of men. The author deduces moral teachings from the very elements of form and figure; symbols are made to yield suggestions of grace and beauty. Here is a world of lovely lessons. More than this, form and forces treated by the Metaphysician in the light of Ethical and religious sympathy, project the wonderful manifestation of almost certitude in the thought that the abiding part of man's being is psychic force, and man's Ego is the conscious unit of force by which his identity is preserved through all bodily changes.

This book must be read almost reverently to be appreciated. Space fails to set forth its power and comprehensiveness, its wealth of collation of many beautiful thoughts, its exquisite arrangement of these and application to the study of devout Art. It is printed in admirable style by Albert Brandt, Publisher, Trenton, N. J. Two forms of binding.

One is reminded of the incident in the life of the poet-artist Blake. One said to him: "What! when the sun rises do you not see a round disk of fire like a guinea?" "Oh, no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying: 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty!'"

In addition to these beautiful suggestions of mysticism (as some may deem) this author deals with ideas of intensely practical value and import. He believes in Artist-Artisanry; in a word, that all objects of use should be made as beautiful as may be consistent with their utility.

This book is a picture gallery of copies of the Masters. The vital principles of drawing are set forth, illustrated with highly colored charts; and directions for teaching Form-Reasoning, Form-Generation, Form-

Experiment are explicit. "The curriculum is: Promptly and clearly to show students those vital principles, absolute laws and germinal elements of Beauty which underlie all good Art work." He would unfold talent wholesomely, cultivate wisely its sentiment, taste, imagination, artistic judgment and observation,—"as living springs from which its beautiful creations must arise." This teacher would conserve the freshness of individuality in students. He promises them the "consolations of that great army of industrial genius and heroism of all ages, who by faith in the Great Captain have wrought righteousness, and by patient continuance in well-doing have sought for Glory, Honor and Immortality." CLIFFORD LANIER.

Montgomery, Ala.

The Day of a Thousand Years.

"For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."—Psalm xc., 14.

And one star calls to another
The full strains of a song
Till the deeps of space glow with its grace
And echo it full strong;
And whirling out of the silence
A world of worlds appears
In an onward rush through the endless hush—
And a day is a thousand years.

And one star sings to another,
And sun holds speech with sun,
While the drifting veil of a vapor pale
Shows another world begun.
But we count time by a dawning,
Or mark by a twilight fall—
Yet the stars sing on when the years are gone,
And what are we, after all?

The words and the hopes and doubtings,
The joy and the dreams and dread,
And the puny lives in the puny hives
Where toil is done for bread;
A day, a night, and another—
A round of the spinning ball;
A sigh and a smile for the briefest while—
And what are we, after all?

And one star calls to another
A song we may not know;
Calls a distant sun to a dying sun
As the ages come and go.
And we mark time by a minute,
And croon over smiles and tears—
But the stars sing on when the worlds are gone,
And a day is a thousand years.

From the Chicago Tribune. —*W. D. Nesbitt.*

A New Year's Song.

Let us sing a word of cheer
In the heart of winter wild;
Let us hail the glad new year
With the rapture of a child;
Age can never teach the mind,
If we are the friends of truth;
Here and now all good we find,
Having in our hearts love's youth!

There is plenty in the land
For the souls of generous sort;
Gifts may issue from the hand—
Just as if it were life's sport;
Let us love to do our best,
Let us fling away our fear;
Let us come in spirit blest
To the gateway of the year!

Then we may with joy proceed
On the way that opens wide,
Living out the manly creed—
Life by bliss is beautified.
Comforts come like flowers around,
God in friends is very near,
Paradise once more is found
As we greet the glad New Year!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

FINITE INFINITUDE.

And the years speed on!
So silently the wheels of Time cycle the solar way,
Nor hesitating, rest to take, but compass night and day
In one stupendous moment of Eternal Now,
That Past, with Present and the Future, permanently blends
In one Eternity, whose boundless, ever wid'ning ends
And center join—unanswerable How?

Question thou
This mystery sublime within the cosmic Universe?
All atoms to each other hold or readily disperse;
And all within the whole obediently swing
Without annihilation, and without a time of birth;
Combining, changing, fixing all, in stellar space or Earth.
The ions fixed by law do make the aeons ring.

And what of Man
Whose conscious self vibrates alone or seeks affinity?
Whose life is static thought aroused within Divinity—
Within the All of Time, within the All of Sense?
Without annihilation and without a natal hour
Reflected, changing, living with the Universal Power
Man blends with God—the Great Omnipotence.

WILSON M. TYLOR.

THE OPEN SHOP.

EDWARDSVILLE, ILL., November, 1903.

EDITOR UNITY.—Your recent editorial on the "open shop" ought to call out a good many helpful questions and suggestions. Being a member of a union and a mechanic, I offer the following suggestions:

It is not a question as to the benefits of the closed shop to the unions, as things ought to be; but ought we to have the open shop or closed shop now?

In some industries, as carpentry, brass finishing, printing, etc., the closed shop is in effect, and several others closely approximate this condition. There is no doubt that the "closed" unions have higher wages and shorter hours than the open ones. These unions are made up of men in trades that require time to learn and the class of work they do is limited; i. e., can be and is done by a comparatively small number of men. Hence it is easy to unite them and easy for them to get shorter hours and higher wages.

The great bulk of the world's work is plain and it is done by plain, unskilled workmen. This is the great producing and consuming class; it is too large to be unionized and too diversified to want to be.

This great unprotected class is the human beast of burden, upon whose back the middle and upper classes are riding—the skilled, unionized, high-priced mechanic and machinist, no less, in fact, than the capitalist, manufacturer, lawyer and merchant.

If these statements are correct, who pays the increased wages of the unions whose members work in closed shops?

This will be discussed later. J. W. CALDWELL.

Foreign Notes.

ECHOES FROM HERE AND THERE.—For the moment my study table shows an unusual dearth of foreign printed matter and the busy Christmas season leaves little leisure for going far afield for these notes. I turn, therefore, to my personal correspondence.

Here is a joint letter from my kind Amsterdam host and hostess, the opening paragraph an expression of deep sorrow and regret at the premature ending of Henry D. Lloyd's beautiful, helpful life, and of thanks for accounts of his last days. "We both remember him as a very sympathetic and interesting man," they say. To these friends have since gone accounts of the great memorial meeting at the Auditorium and a copy of the souvenir pamphlet prepared for that occa-

sion, which will be especially welcome for its fine portrait of Mr. Lloyd.

From this same letter we learn that the local reception and entertainment committee, which arranged so admirably for the welfare and pleasure of delegates to the International Council last September, so enjoyed its work that it was reluctant to disband after closing up accounts and making final reports of its activity on that occasion. It therefore proposes to add to its numbers and transform itself into a permanent literary and social organization for the purpose of inviting notable foreigners to lecture in Amsterdam and entertaining them while there. It would be a curiously unlooked for result if the liberal religious congress should give rise to a new literary association in the Dutch metropolis.

Prof. Treub himself expresses sympathetic interest in Steffens' article on municipal conditions in Chicago, but finds some difficulty in conceiving of such corruption as the article describes. I have already spoken in one of my Holland letters of Prof. Treub's long service in the Amsterdam city council during the fight for municipalization of the water, gas and telephone services, but boodling does not seem to have been one of the difficulties he had to contend with.

From Prof. Oort, of Leyden, who presided at the International Council, comes a characteristic little note apropos of the Holland letters. He says: "It were good days, indeed, we have spent together in Amsterdam; the remembrance of them will live a long time in our hearts. Very interested I was too in the other contents of UNITY which I perused with delight."

For many years Americans have turned toward Germany, making "Luther pilgrimages," attending her musical festivals, enrolling themselves at her universities, studying her scientific achievements and her literature with enthusiasm, both in our own schools and in hers. Now at last some of her savants are beginning to discover that America is worth studying in its turn. One such visitor among us has put himself on record as follows in the preface to a partial account of his observations:

"Great as the ignorance of Americans in regard to Germany may be, it is certainly surpassed by the ignorance of Germans regarding America. Year by year more than a thousand young Americans study in German schools, while thousands more men and women of the cultured classes in the American union annually visit the "Fatherland," as they are fond of calling Germany; but aside from the misguided lieutenants and spoiled sons, with whom we bless America that they may recover themselves in the keener air that prevails over yonder, comparatively few cultivated Germans visit the United States for the sake of learning to know them.

To this statement, the writer of it certainly forms a notable exception, for though years have passed since he was among us, there seems no abatement of his eager desire to keep in touch with American life and thought. The active director of a large and important museum, and a prolific author, as well as editor, of its valuable publications, he yet finds time to carry on a varied American correspondence, and to look over regularly a few of our best serial publications. For his summer vacation trips he provides himself with half a dozen or more of the most noteworthy American novels, preferably those dealing with our urban life or social problems, while the mention by a friend of any work throwing light on American ideals and lines of thought is pretty certain to ensure its addition to his library and his serious attention. Thus, it appears, he has recently ordered Prof. William James' "Varieties of Religious Experience," and Bargy's *La Religion dans la Société aux Etats-Unis*, the latter a comparatively recent work of which I may have something to say later.

From Geneva has come a postal card picture of the newly erected monument to the memory of Servetus. It is simple and dignified, a rough-hewn stone save where it is smoothed for the inscriptions. On the face of it may be read, even on the postal card:

LE XXVII OCTOBRE MDLIII
MOVRVT SVR LE BVCHER
A CHAMPEL
MICHEL SERVET
DE VILLENEVVE D'ARAGON
NE LE XXIX SEPTEMBRE MDXI

On the back is doubtless the inscription, showing the expiatory purpose in its erection.

Scarcely less interesting than Prof. Du Bois himself was the composite audience that assembled to hear him in All Souls Church the other evening. I recognized there several bright young colored men who are supporting themselves as waiters, while pursuing their studies at the University of Chicago. Not all of them were sufficiently acquainted with Prof. Du Bois' name and fame to connect him with his already noted book, The Souls of Black Folk. One of them, getting onto the connection afterward, through the conversation of the white people on whom he waits, modestly asked for the loan of the book, and gratefully carried it home to learn for himself what one of his race has written that is arousing so much interest. This seems to the owner of the volume a more interesting use of it, for the time being, than sending it away as a Christmas gift.

M. E. H.

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